

Be kind to the loved ones at home.

Be kind to thy father, for when thou wert young
Who loved thee so fondly as he?
He caught the first accents that fell from thy tongue
And joined in thy innocent glee.

Be kind to thy father, for now he is old,
His locks intermingled with gray;
His footsteps are feeble, once firm and bold,
Thy father is passing away.

Be kind to thy mother, for lo, on her brow,
May traces of sorrow be seen;
Oh! well may'st thou cheer and comfort her now
For loving and kind hath she been.

Remember thy mother, for thus will she pray,
As long as God giveth her breath;
With accents of kindness thou cheer her lone way
E'en to the dark valley of death.

Be kind to thy brother, his heart will have dearth
If the smile of thy joys be withdrawn;
The flowers of feeling will fade at their birth,
If the dew of affection be gone.
Be kind to thy brother, wherever you are,
The love of a brother shall be

An ornament fairer and richer by far,
Than pearls from the depths of the sea.

Be kind to thy sister, not many may know,
The depth of true sisterly love;
The wealth of the ocean lies fathoms below
The surface that sparkles above.

Be kind to thy father once fearless and bold,
Be kind to thy mother so dear,
Be kind to thy brother nor show thy heart cold,
Be kind to thy sister so near.